



True religious tolerance will not be possible until people make an effort to understand the beliefs of others. With this end in view, this issue is largely devoted to an examination of Christmas through the eyes of various religious sects.

"THE K.P. TELESCOPE IS PUBLISHED TO PROVIDE THE INMATE WITH A MEDIUM OF CREATIVE EXPRESSION AND COMMUNICATION, IN ORDER TO CULTIVATE A BETTER UNDERSTANDING WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD."

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Editorials

VICTIMS OF CRIME

The Halifax-Chronicle Herald

Except for the limited power of courts to order restitution and reparation for actual property loss or damage caused by the commission of a criminal offence, our laws make no provision for compensating victims of crimes.

This is as illogical as it is unjust.

Criminal law is not a private matter; that is, society as a whole steps in to prosecute and punish criminals. Yet, for practical purposes, society assumes no direct responsibility for those whose property or persons suffer criminal outrages.

The law attempts to ease pain and suffering and loss of employment, life and limb, when these result from civil wrongs, but the family of a murdered person, and the victim of a rapist are left without remedy or recompense.

In an attempt to correct these shortcomings, New Zealand is about to pass legislation that would acknowledge society's duty to compensate monetarily, as far as it is possible to do so, those who suffer from crimes of violence.

Under the bill, victims or relatives may recover for a wide variety of crimes, from the criminal if he has resources, from the state if he is destitute. Compensation may even be claimed if no one has been convicted of the crime...Canada should study the New Zealand plan to improve the processes of justice.

THE LOCAL SCENE

It has been said that originality is an indication of some degree of genius. If this be so the Kingston radio stations should be congratulated on their good fortune in having more than one genius in their employ. The originality displayed by the announcers, news commentators and disk jockeys of these stations is truly remarkable. Old, familiar words now have a tantalizing spicy quality, due entirely to the completely new pronunciations which have been coined by these geniuses. Refreshing new twists have been inserted in the most surprising places. The staid, old weather report was livened up by a forecast of "Shattered skowers." And the news broadcaster who announced "a twenty-one sun galoot" must have been inspired.

While some cerebral agility is required to follow the news in spite of these titilating insertions, one is never in danger of being bored.

TWENTIETH CENTURY WITCH HUNT

Anyone who had made a study of human nature could have forecast the success of TV series featuring Joseph Valachi. As a form of mass entertainment the witch hunt has never been surpassed. For thousands of years people have taken delight in witnessing the denunciation and punishment of those unfortunates who have earned the enmity of an informer. In the middle ages the Court Of The Inquisition was able to entertain only a few officials and high ranking citizens. The rank and file of the population had to wait for the Auto-de-fe, the public burning of the malefactor. These affairs were conducted with a festive air. Fond parents held their children over their heads so they might have a good view of the last agonies of the flame wrapped victim.

While the modern witch hunt can't present such a soul-satisfying spectacle, it does provide a much wider coverage. Television has at long last justified its existance. As a scientific marvel the television set is without a peer. As a medium of entertainment, however, it has held a position somewhat similar to that of the comic-book, and scaled to a similar level of intellect.

A witch hunt is now available in every living room. Eat your heart out, McCarthy!

What Christmas means to a

Protestant

Clark Sam Smith

Northernair (1962)

From the essence of God came His startling revelation to man of what was, is and will be — Christmas. St. John called it the “word” (John 1:1) God called it “Us” (Gen. 1:26) and Christians called it Christmas.

God created the universe by laws of relativity. One element lends to another and all is unity, each element giving and taking in perpetual performance. Then God with his special love created man, forsaking rote and instituting a free and living will, and in that no Will can exist by limitation He set it free; free to obey, free to disobey; free to love, free to hate; free to live and free to die. The sector of freedom each man chooses to use determines what portion of Christmas is his. If he embraces the evens (obedience, love, life) then the odds (disobedience, hate, death) have no power. Still, as the wills swirl no void exists. When a love shreds, a whisper of hate seeps in; when obedience is shunned, disobedience replaces, and when life is lost, death results.

God loved his creation. Most, He loved His created free will and would not suffer the loss of all because of some. Therefore, He personified Christmas and called it “son” and sent him into the world that His special creation be saved and not destroyed. And man named him Savior, for mankind had diligently awaited the manifestation of Christmas that they might understand God’s nature.

Now, Christmas is spirit, manifest in the flesh, salvation fulfilled. In honor of that manifestation, personified in Christ, men annually observe a season. Whether a man believes or not, he is directly affected by the fruit of the Christmas season; a salvation that waits for man and not for salvation. Thus, because there was love before the worlds, Christmas is.

What is Christmas? The outpouring of God’s love upon the world of man.

Catholic

David Rosenberg

Northern (1962)

Christmas is the time for joy, and in these perilous times it is necessary to light a candle of happiness for people in their fear and sorrow. One is in such need of joy, and especially today, that is true, but then we are treating the Christmas message just like the rest of the Christmas magic: on December 26 everything is over and it is gray and dull again. However, God did not become man so that we might celebrate a beautiful Christmas. And our unhappiness and darkness will not vanish just because we indulge in a little Christmas poesy. All this "Christmas-tree" poetry cannot help us. We are living in very realistic times, and therefore need a very realistic Christmas message—a message that will stand up under the dreadful reality.

And the true—the Biblical—Christmas message is realistic too. It begins with a very appropriate word: "Fear not!" Yes, it is just this that is at stake, and it is just this that is so difficult today, not to fear what is and what is to come. We are afraid of darkness, and who can deny that it is dark today? darker than ever before. It is well to remember that Jesus Christ, too, came into a dark world—a very un-Christmas-like world. He was born into a people and a land that was crying under the heels of the soldiers of an army of occupation.

Some say it has proven untrue. For nineteen hundred years this message has been made known throughout the world, and yet the world is no better. It is still living in the same fear, in the same horrors, in the same unhappiness as then. But who is to blame for this? How can a doctor help when a patient refuses to take his advice or his medicine? How can Jesus Christ help when one does not accept Him?

The only way to understand what Christmas really means is to understand the real mission of Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ goes directly to the heart because the heart is the center of mankind—the center of darkness as well as the center of light. Only when we discover what His coming means to us—and when we live His way 365 days of the year will we be justified in deciding whether or not His way of life really works.

This Christmas joy then, is not confined to the 25th of December; this radiance then, is not extinguished with the Christmas-tree lights; God's love then, embodies what the Lord expresses: "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." This radiance is prepared for all of us; let us receive it.

Jew

Erwin Aloff

Northernair (1962)

In order to understand how we of the Jewish faith feel about Christmas a quick understanding of the Jew and his thinking should be brought out. The Jewish religion falls into three groups: the orthodox, of which there is a minority group today, there is a tendency to ignore the holiday and attach very little significance to it. These Jews are steeped in ritual and fail to recognize the existence of any other forms of religious beliefs. There is the second group which we call conservative which, although recognizing Christmas as a Christian holiday, still do not observe it as a national or religious holiday. These Jews do observe the pleasantries and do exchange greetings with their friends. The third group and by far today, the great majority of the Jewish population, are known as the reform group. These people recognize Christmas as an international holiday among the Christians.

The reform Jew feels that it is an integrated part of the American way of life. It is a joyous and festive holiday calling for good-will toward all men, although failing to recognize it as a religious holiday.

Do some Jews exchange gifts? Yes. Do they believe that Christ was the son of God? No. Do some Jews have Christmas trees in their homes? Yes. The Jew is indeed grateful that he is able to celebrate his holiday with his Christian friends and still have a variance of belief.

Muslim

Wallace Mohammed

Northernair (1962)

Cheerful greetings fill the air. Merrymaking and sacrificing of lambs to be fed the poor depicts "Id-Al-Adha" (the big holiday). Muslim (Moslem) Pilgrims visiting their sacred city, Mecca, from all parts of the world participate in the great festival celebration which begins on the tenth of Dhul-Hijja (last month of the Islamic year) and continues for two or three days.

This sacrifice of lambs commemorates Abraham's willingness to sacrifice his son, Ishmael, in answer to his vision. Allah intervened, as Abraham's willingness to sacrifice Ismael has proven his unquestionable faith without effecting such a sacrifice. A ram was accepted by God instead which was fed to the people. There was a celebration acknowledging God's all encompassing mercy

It is customary on this holiday to give presents, wear your best clothes, visit loved ones, exchange the most cheerful greetings with congratulations, and above all, attend prayer service, fast and give thanks to Allah (God) for spiritual guidance which facilitates the attainment and the growth of moral decencies and virtues needed to keep man's holiday's existing as sacred.

Being born and raised in the United States of America, I recognize the nearness of Christmas and New Years Day. I expose myself to the spirit of these Holidays, conceived by me as a manifestation of American good will, a desire to contribute to the happiness of others.

It is that sweet ringing sound of joy that true happy feeling, that token of Devine tranquility of mind and spirit. I imagine it as peace flowing smoothly and continuously from an unpolluted fountain of love. Peace and love between man and man predominating throughout the world; this is man's goal, and the thirst for perfect peace lures us on.

An environment such as this grows with each contribution of goodness made to it. But it will not be complete until every individual realizes his responsibility to it and acquires the courage to act. The Golden Rule is command to all religions; it is the key to individual happiness.

**THE MUSLIMS EXTEND WISHES FOR PEACE AND
"HAPPY HOLIDAYS TO ALL"**

Mormon

Phillip Lyon

Northernair (1962)

Christmas to most of us Mormons is a happy time of the year. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (Mormon Church) celebrate the joyfulness of the birthday of Christ as have people down through the centuries.

Many Mormon families celebrate the occasion with family gifts, Christmas trees, misletoe and holly, in the usual American fashion. There are many others who make it into a strictly religious occasion.

But in both cases, Christmas is a joyous occasion, for Mormons have always been a joyous people. You will find as many "Christmas customs" as you find Mormons. The season is celebrated differently in small communities than it is in larger cities. It is celebrated differently in Mormon towns than it is in non-Mormon towns and cities.

But in all cases Christmas is the day we pay special tribute to the Birthday of Christ. We give special thought to why God sent His "only begotten Son" to us "earth people" and the love that this devine act signifies, "For God so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish but have everlasting life." This, to us Mormons, is Christmas. It is the reason for the first Christmas, it is the reason why we are members of Christ's Church, stop on this day and give extra thought to Christ and the salvation that He has brought to all people of all ages. To us, Christmas is a time to give extra thanks — it is a day to sing praises unto our Most High God — it is a day for praise and for joy.

Especially during these times of national and international crisis we as Christians, and as Mormons, should give extra thought and extra pause as we contemplate together just what Christ's birth means to the world. Christ came that the world might become Christian. This Christmas let Christians everywhere resolve that we will, with Christ's help and love, become just a little more Christian — just a little more Christ-like. If this would happen Christmas would indeed be Christmas.

Jehovah's Witness

Neil Jackson

Northernair (1962)

Although the celebrating of Christmas is becoming more widespread than ever, to Jehovah's Witnesses the day is like any other. Throughout the land where Christmas is being celebrated, we make use of the holiday by engaging in our work of calling from house to house spreading the good news of Jehovah's Kingdom. It is Jehovah's Witnesses' most important work and we heed the advice of Colossians 4:5 "...buying out the opportune time for yourselves."

Although Christmas may be thought of as a Christian celebration, it has its origin in paganism. Encyclopedias and countless news items support the fact that the event, the date and the practices associated with it are borrowed from pagan or heathen religion. An important principle is kept in mind by Jehovah's Witnesses: that the accepting of pagan customs by Christians will not make the practice acceptable.

The Scriptures are clear in this regard: that while Christ's birth as a man was important, we have failed to find any record of it ever being celebrated by Him or the early Christians. Nor, can we find any command given by Christ or any of His disciples for us to observe it. In fact, only two birthday celebrations are mentioned in the Bible, and they are not celebrated by Christians, but by those who were of other forms of religion (see Genesis 40:20). Particularly noteworthy is the birthday of King Herod, at which his niece danced for the head of John the Baptist (Matt. 14:6).

What Christ did indicate as being of greater importance and necessary to repeat was the event of his death. This is in harmony with Ecclesiastes 7:1, which reads: "A name is better than good oil, and the day of death than the day of one's being born." At the memorial of his death (commonly called the "Last Supper") he told His apostles to "keep doing this in remembrance of me" (Luke 22:19).

While we do not celebrate Christmas, we do not criticize those that do. We feel that the Spirit of Love should be practiced throughout the whole year.

Liberal

Bob McBride

Northernair (1962)

Christmas symbolizes, for a greater portion of the world than we sometimes realize, the time for being aware of the love, brotherhood, or friendship, respect or appreciation that exists in our world. Contemplation of the significance of celebrating this day causes an individual to adapt himself to a time for charitableness toward the groups within society.

Granted, there are many who might argue that there is futility in trying to be cognizant of what courtesies we owe one another on only *one* day a year. The cynic, pessimist or skeptic can have a field day with points of contention against why we celebrate this feast. The atheist could make jest with our presuming the existence of God and the manifestation of His love — His Son. Yet, I'm sure that any of these types of people would have to make an admission that they have experienced, at one time or other, the feelings of love and, that this was a pleasant experience.

The celebration of the birth of Christ effects a something in our emotions that I can identify only as a state of being a lovable and loving guy, or gal. Why this is so I cannot say for sure. But, I like believing that those of us who appreciate this day, in the ways that I've mentioned, extend this *feeling toward* one another because of the realization that God has, and does think of causing us to be merry or happier through having given us His Son. And His Son has taught us that we share in being God's sons and daughters through the simple and beautiful "Our Father."

On this day Christians and non-Christians appreciate the fact that this is a time for being congenial and compatible. And, on this day many of us take time to try to understand the beliefs of others and to have compassion toward them for their having the feeling of hate in their composition.

What does Christmas mean for me? It means that on this day I can experience any one or all of the aforementioned feelings. And perhaps taking time for this or these experiences on this "one" day will cause me to take a few minutes in the following days to be a little more understanding and more suitable for existence in our world.

Atheist

J. Henry

Northernair (1962)

In the quiet confines of his home, surrounded by wife and family, secure in the knowledge of his ability and character, we find an atheist contemplating the world's affairs during the yearly rejoicing of its people's religious festivals. While all are out preparing for holidays and showing faith in their gods by their various methods of obeisance and sacrifice, he sits apart from all these observances, having no belief in deity or afterlife merely satisfied that he has life, with will and idea, to pursue as he sees fit to the ultimate benefit of race and family.

While everyone else is in church and doing penance, he is sitting quietly at home with his family. As others rejoice in god and festival, he reviews man's achievements and conquests over nature with the methodical eyes of an observer who projects his thought to next year and the future. Emotionally or unemotionally, as the case may be, he holds always fact instead of dogma as his guide.

In this 20th Century, he finds life is good, and although there are certain world tensions and anxieties, he and his family are comfortably housed with security such as man has never known in any way; health, wealth, and prospective future. For even as imminent as war may seem, this is the only country and era in the history of modern man where his property-rights are not susceptible to usurpation by violence short of war.

The secrets of DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid) — the very basis of life itself — are coming to light; cancer is about to be brought to account by modern medicine; and the secrets of health and old age are to be solved soon.

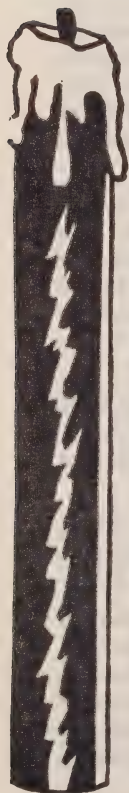
Considering these things, he finds no fault with his fellow man or their beliefs. He holds the premise that each of us is a free individual acting in a collective society for the benefit of all.

The non-believer finds this life to be a good life. Although conforming to the ethics of Jesus, he does not believe in God in any form — Jehovah, Allah, or Buddha. He finds that in living a moral life he is a happy, contented, productive member of society who lives a full and satisfying life to the utmost. His happiness is contingent upon internal, rather than external forces.

Christmas Greetings

from

K. P'S Chaplains



May the Blessings
of the Christ Child
be with you
this Christmas
and
all through the New Year.
As my Christmas Gift to You
I shall in a Special Memento
include you and your
loved ones in my Holy Masses
offered on the Great Feast
of Christ's Nativity.

Rev. Father Way,
Catholic Chaplain.



The Fourth Wise Man

Rev. John Nickels
(Chaplain P.)

Christmas is the time of giving. It is a time when men all over the Christian world remember that 2000 years ago, a new spirit of love and fellowship came to replace the old ideals of power and gain.

The first gift in the Christmas story came from the Wise Men, gold, Frankincense and Myrrh. Each of these rulers gave to the Babe at Bethlehem a gift, which in terms of wealth of their country and their day, was of great value. "We, three kings of Orient are; Bearing gifts we traverse afar" etc.

They had been told that when this little child grew up he would rule men's hearts by giving of himself, and by his sacrifices would bring "peace on earth to men of good will." Nothing, therefore, was too good for him.

Today, Christmas has come to be a time of festivity. Many of us, unthinkingly, try to express our sense of gaiety and well being by temporary satisfactions, such as overt sentimentality, superficial friendliness, over-eating, overdrinking and overkindness, particularly to ourselves. These are selfish ways.

Others may be killjoys who curl up inside and live with bitter memories and self-pity like old Scrooge in Dickens' "Christmas Carol." This is a mean way.

But we must also remember that in our personal contacts in the community

where we happen to be and through letters to members of the family and friends, there are many opportunities when we can give a little, in an argument or a disagreement, give a little ground, that is, surrender a little of our sense of self-righteousness and pride, which so often lead to bitterness and trouble; or perhaps, in the sense of urgency of our own affairs over the needs of others. This giving, is perhaps the greatest giving of all. It is this surrendering a little of oneself, it seems to me, which lies at the heart of the Christmas Message, and it is as true in the sense of individuals as it is of nations.

The Three Wise Men of 2000 years ago brought gifts of great splendor. Both they and their gifts are now lost in the mists of antiquity, but, living today in every one of us is another possible Wise Man with a gift which Christ foreshadowed.

He is a man who puts principle before expediency; self-discipline before self-indulgence; the man who opens the window of his heart on Christmas morning and surrenders a little of himself in greater daily understanding of his fellow man.

He is—you might say—the Fourth Wise Man, because he tries to bring peace in his part of the earth by giving of good will.

A Christmas Poem

There's a light in the snow that's glowing
On the streets and rooftops there;
It's a Christmas Light and a Holy Light
Wrought by a Nation's Prayer

It can't be dimmed by the siren,
Nor the sound of a plane in flight;
For the Light that glows is no human Light
In the hush of the still, dark night.

It's a light that is coming from Heaven,
And it's still only dimly seen;
But at Christmas time we can feel it,
And know what the Light can mean.

It's a promise of joy at Christmas,
It's a glimpse of the end of strife,
It's a hope of Peace at Christmas,
And God's love to Shadow our Life,

There was once another Christmas,
Two thousand years ago,
When the Light shone forth in another form,
As the blessed Christ's halo.

It filled men's hearts with gladness,
As it lightens our hearts with peace.
It's God's gift to the world at Christmas,
And the promise that strife shall cease.

E.F.C.I.



WHO NEEDS THEM?

You entered my life in a casual way.
You saw at a glance what I needed.
There were others who met me and passed me
each day,
But I, never one of them, heeded.
You mean so much more than the others to me;
Your quality so far exceeds them.
Though still there are many fine chances today
With some of the others — who needs them?
You said all the things that I hoped you would say
And made me believe that you meant them.
I held up my head in the old gallant way
And vowed you would never repent them.
You helped me refashion these dreams in my heart
And your heart continually leads them.
I'm sure that none of the others could have,
But, after all, Darling — who needs them?

Leo D. Farmer

Four

DETAINDER WARRANT

Gone is the life that once he led
With luxuries around him.
Now he lies awake at night
With memories to hound him,
Among the other living dead
Where iron bars surround him —
Until his soul-sap drains away
When Lethe shall then impound him.

N.H.

YOU

When a man builds up a fortress
a prison of the self
Imagining slights at every turning,
storing grudges on the shelf
When he Walter Mitties all his daydreams
while his nightmares are for real
And he feels there's nothing to equal the injustice of
his raw deal,
What Art can soothe his armoured liveness,
fill up his raw self-pitying gap?
What loaves and fishes feed his hunger While yet the
juices are in sap?
Who knows? You might be the miracle
some things are very odd
Human fellowship might be the outcome
call it Science or call it God.

E.C.N.

poems

ON THE LEVEL

First-hand knowledge I have none,
But the guy who cells in number one
Said he heard from a guy on D,
Who got it straight from E.C.B.,
That a certain chap in the yard
He'd heard it said by a friendly guard,
Who got his facts from a cop in town
Who simply chanced to be around
When Chinese boy from old Hong Kong
Received the news from his Uncle Wong,
Who said he knew — and I concur,
Though the story now begins to blur.
But spread it will, as spread it must,
Till other stories are discussed.

9389

"Truth" About Santa



Anonymous

He was just about the smartest and best child ever born. He was born to wealthy parents as the legend goes. They lived by the sea in southwestern Turkey, then called Lydia.

When Nicholas was very young his parents died leaving him very rich. He did not care to use the wealth for himself. He gave to those less fortunate. The poor man with three daughters found gold under their window when each planned to be married. He planned always that no one was to know where the gifts came from. He said "Thanks belongs to God...a gift in any other name is thrice cheapened."

Young Nicholas left Lydia and sailed for Palastine. On board ship he gave life to a drowning sailor. Once again he quieted the sea in a storm with prayer. Later he returned to his homeland to live quietly in the city of Myra. The old bishop died and the good people made Nicholas the new bishop. When Myra was in famine Nicholas was able to feed his people. He took grain from each ship as it passed through port to use for feeding the people, but by the time the ship reached home port to unload, they had more grain than when they were originally loaded. "The blessings of true giving" people said. Nicholas travelled widely and was

known to return life to the dead. There are many miracles credited to Nicholas. Even after his death some 1600 years ago this month, people credited his symbols and relics with help in answered prayers.

In churches which recognize saints he is called St. Nicholas. Two nations, Greece and Russia, claim Nicholas as their patron saint. Over all Europe the stories of Nicholas were retold at the firesides. When St. Nicholas Day came to Holland on December 6, it was a wonderful time for small Dutchmen. On this wonderful day, St. Nicholas left gifts for them in their shoes. They thought of him as a stern old man with a bishop's robe and a white beard. He was to have a stick for bad boys and gifts for the good. So little wonder the Dutch brought the story of St. Nicholas Day (December 6). Their mid-winter parties and dinners began after Christmas and continued until twelfth night (Epiphany) and their gifts recalled the visit of the wise men bearing gifts to the Christ-Child.

Of course no one knows exactly when Christ was born. At various times very learned men have tried to prove that he was born in the spring, winter, autumn and Summer. Apparently our Christian calendars were started with the idea it was New Year's Day. But, around the

fourth century, churchmen decided it probably was December 25. So that date was a somber, religious holiday for prayer and fasting.

At first the Dutch and English colonists in New York went their own ways. Little Dutchmen were true to their St. Nicholas (nickname San Claas). Their English neighbors thought they said "Santa Claus."

As years went by the English grew to love Santa Claus too, and they grew to like the Dutch. Both loved this great new country of America, where they could go to church and believe in the Christ-Child-Santa-Claus. In 1773, Santa Claus' name got into print, probably for the first time, in *Rivington Gazetteer*. The item said, "Last Monday, the anniversary of St. Nicholas, otherwise called Santa Claus, was celebrated at Protestant Hall"...This was December 6, St. Nicholas Day.

The children remembered Santa, even though colonies, families and Christmas customs were becoming hopelessly mixed. Perhaps the grandparents who lived in those big old colonial houses were responsible. With Christmas reunions and the children and grandchildren under one roof, it was an ideal time for worshipping and feasting together and for exchanging gifts.

CENSUS (PAST THIRTY DAYS)			
Discharged	21	Received during month	85
Escaped	0	Transferred during month	115
Unconditional release	0	Died	0
Paroled	2	Total remaining	835

Things Never Told About Christmas

Val Westman

From The Ryersonian

Legend has it that if you sit under a pine tree on Christmas Eve you will hear the angels singing—after which you will promptly die. This curse of death also holds true if you are in the barn at midnight on Christmas Eve and witness the speeches given in honor of Christ by the cattle. These speeches by the cattle must be given in a kneeling position or the curse on the mortal being loses some of its potency.

Many such myths surround the celebration of Christ's birth on December 25; the date having been made official by Bishop Juvenal in the year 440 A.D. The first recorded "birth feast" was on January 6 in 353 A.D.

The date of December 25 had been set aside for special celebrations long before Christ appeared. The Angli observed their New Years festival on this date. It was known as the "mod-ranecht" or mother night and seems to have been a ritual connected with fertility rites.

SUN-WORSHIPPERS

This date also had special significances for other ancient peoples who were sun-worshippers. Mid-December brought critical times as it became evident that the sun was losing its strength as the daylight hours were becoming shorter. In an effort to give the sun more strength huge bonfires were built. Naturally, there was great rejoicing when the effort proved worthwhile and the days became longer. The burning of Yule logs finds its origin here although the reason for giving light has been directed towards Christ as "the light of the world" instead of help for the Sun-God.

The present day usage of holly, ivy and mistletoe ceremony is a corruption from the not-so-friendly Druid civilization who used it for purely decorative purposes. Holly and ivy were used also as decorations by the Saxons.

In the eighth century an English missionary replaced German sacrifices to Odin's sacred oak with a fir tree decorated in tribute to Christ. This gave rise to today's practice of decorating the Christmas tree, although spruce boughs had been used by early Romans to celebrate the Saturnalia, the "season of merrymaking and gifts."

FOOD FOR FERTILITY

Modern Christmas celebrations inevitably include an elaborate Christmas dinner. In the years before Christ the roast pig with an apple stuffed in its mouth was offered to the god called Frey to induce fertility in the coming year. (Research did not disclose whether this fertility was birthwise or crop-wise). In Bohemia apples and bread were prepared for the gods, also in the hope of a productive new year.

In 1525, Henry VIII was diagnosed as being seriously ill from "carols, bells and merrymaking." Christmas celebrations were temporarily curtailed.

The coming to power of the Puritans in 1644 ended Christmas observances by an act of Parliament. When Charles II took over the practice was immediately revived, but for years after the Scots adhered to the Puritan view. It was not until 1860 that Christmas cards first appeared.

Ever wonder how Boxing Day got its name? (It has nothing to do with the sport—which incidently dates back to early Egypt.) The name arose with the practice of giving gifts in elaborately decorated boxes to the household servants on the day after Christmas.

These, in a nutshell, are some of the things never told about Christmas.

TO THE READER

Are you receiving your TELESCOPE regularly? Is your name and address listed properly? How do you think we could improve the magazine? Would some of your friends be interested in receiving a complimentary copy, or in subscribing, perhaps?

We would like to hear from you.

Sincerely,
The Eds.

Prisms

"CON MAN" TAKES 5-YEAR-OLD

Des Moines, Iowa — A 5-year-old boy was given a dollar by his father to buy some candy at a nearby store. All of a sudden it happened...he became the youngest victim of a confidence game in these parts for a long time.

As David was strolling down one street to another, full of joy with the anticipation of munching on some candy, he was approached by an older boy and asked if he knew about 'the money game.' David answered in the negative. He was told to hold his hands over his eyes and the older youth would hide the money and then it was up to the younger boy to find it. David began the search and couldn't find the dollar. He stated, "The boy hid the money and then ran." The estimated age of the con-man was about 13 or 14. That's about all the police have to go on...unless they find a reckless spender.

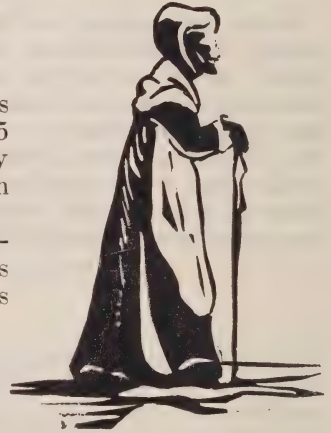
Presidio

GREAT GRANDMA CON ARTIST

A 63 year old Quad Cities great grandma has been sentenced to serve four prison terms of 2 to 5 years. Grandma will serve the sentences concurrently with a federal term of one year and a day, which she received for impersonating an FBI agent.

Described as a veteran confidence woman, grandma was accused of obtaining several thousand dollars from several Rock Island residents through various confidence schemes.

Presidio



SOME KIND OF NUT?

An 18-year-old in Wales has the kind of job most men dream of but never get. He is employed in the postoffice accounting department. But was so distracted in his work he asked for a transfer, but to his dismay it has been turned down. Meanwhile he will have to continue working in the accounting office where he is the only man. The other 120 employees are all girls. Lockyer's explanation: "I adore girls—but only in small doses."

Joyceville Journal

BANDIT....EXCITEMENT....LOOT....GONE!

Buffalo, N.Y. — Here is the story of the bandit who was caught but still he got away with the money.
HOW?

A pharmacist in this city became so excited when a thief drew a phony gun on him, that he told him it was not a real gun. Then the man drew a knife. A clerk working in the drug store with the pharmacist overcame him and led him to the door and threw him out. They had forgotten to hold him and turn him over to the police. Also, they had forgotten about the \$100 the man took before getting kicked out.

Presidio

THIEF BACK FOR TURKEY DINNER

Hamilton — A hungry thief, who stole 18 hard rolls from a downtown restaurant last week may have returned to the scene of his crime Saturday to steal the main course—a 22 pound turkey.

The owner of a restaurant on Kink St. W. told police he put the turkey on the kitchen table to cool while he waited on customers.

When he returned a few minutes later the bird had flown the coop.

Toronto Star



WORLD'S MOST EXPENSIVE PRISON

Berlin's Spandau Prison houses only three prisoners at an annual cost of \$60,000! It is guarded by 128 guards provided by Russia, France, Britain and the U.S.A. The prisoners? Rudolph Hess, Albert Speer and Von Schirach!

Stockade (Australia)

PROVINCIAL OFFICER CHASES NABS METRO CONSTABLE

Milton — The long arm of the law reached out June 23 and found—the long arm of the law.

But it was a long—and fast—chase before the law caught up with the law.

OPP Constable Anthony Griffin told magistrate's court he chased a sports car four miles at 70 mph before he caught it on the QEW at Oakville.

In it he found Metro traffic constable Arthur Booth.

Commented P.C. Booth to the court: "Some motorists can be irritating, I know."

He was fined \$10.

Toronto Star

New Beginnings

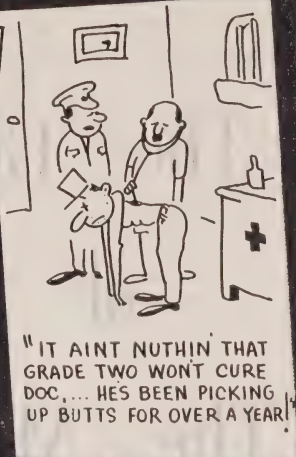
E.C. Nickels

Personality might be said to be like a stream flowing continuously through our lives, round this bend, over those rocks, sometimes rough, sometimes smooth, in a constant state of flux to meet ever changing needs, just as our lives themselves change with every day that we live.

The developing personality becomes the expression of our way of striving to meet our individual needs and to manage life's problems. These needs and problems are often forged by the way we live. If they have got us down we should have a re-cap-begin again and forge a new style of life from which might just possibly emerge a whole new personality—all on the up and up and able to prevent many of life's long term troubles by recognizing the folly of emotional short term decisions. If we cannot change the world "to build it once again more nearly to

our heart's desire" perhaps we can change ourselves one step at a time, learning and growing with each successive step until the tension goes, the nervous depression goes, the fussiness and frustration go and we discover that the new personality that we have forged makes it possible for us to laugh at our mistakes and enjoy our achievements in fellowship with those around us.

When life's gone wrong and we find that we are fussy, nervous and continually tense that's the time to set out on an important and rather exciting journey. The Starting Point is a place called Beginning Again; the luggage we take with us is whatever wisdom we have learned from experience and our goal is nothing less than a new set of values which will produce, we hope, a brand new and better adjusted personality.



The Gift of The Magi



O. Henry

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage

to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at \$8 per week. It did not exactly begger description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid \$30. per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only \$1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an \$8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his

looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in a flat across the air-shaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her rippling and shineing like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knees and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollar," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practiced hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do—oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on

the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two—and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again—you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labor.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously. "You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold. I tell you—sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good

to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jewelled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

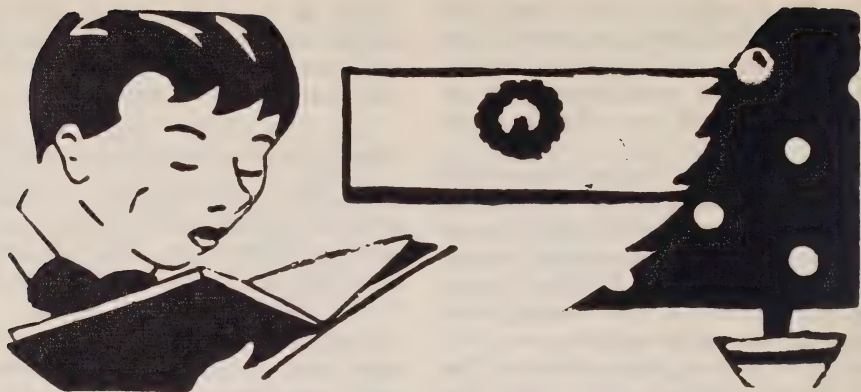
"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.





A Christmas Parable

T. Warburton.

Once there was a King who always had his own way. He had always about him people who looked up to him and so he had formed the bad habit of looking down on them. He had a great contempt for common people and common things.

On Christmas Eve the people young and old wanted to come to the palace and sing a song of peace on earth, good will to men. But they were very common people who made their living by digging in the earth and caring for the things that grew out of it.

"The song is all right," said the King. "but I don't care to hear these people sing it. They are not my kind, and

there are too many of them anyway. But I should dearly like to hear the angels sing up there in the sky. I have a taste for things spirttual. I should dearly love too see the harps of gold."

So on Christmas Eve he forbade the people to come near the palace. The crier made proclamation that the King must not be disturbed. He and the young prince would sit up on the holy night to hear the angels sing.

For the King was very religious and as he was used to being obeyed, he had no doubt that the angels would sing for him when they learned that this was his royal pleasure. He was anxious that his son be with him to enjoy this miracle.

They waited for the midnight, but no angels came.

"That is strange," said the King, who was accustomed to promptitude. He went to the window and saw a star.

"Who are you?" asked the King.

"I am the star that guided the three Wise men to the place where the Young Child lay."

"Is that all?" said the King. "Stars are common. I have seen thousands of them and have not enough interest in them to ask their names. There are so many of them. They are like the dust that rises from the wheels of my chariot. One can see a star on any night."

So the star faded away and the King saw it no more. But the young prince went out and stood under the sky full of stars. There were thousands of them and each one was wonderful. And to think that they had been shining there before he was born.

When he came back his eyes were glowing. "Father, you should go out and look at the stars. How they shine."

"I have seen them before," said the King.

As they looked out from the palace they saw the shadowy forms of three ungainly beasts. Their steps were noiseless and they moved slowly as if they had come from a great distance. And one of them was lame.

"Who are you?" said the King gruffly.

"We are the three camels on which the Wise men rode when they followed the star to the place where the Young Child lay. We have crossed wide deserts and we are hungry and thirsty and tired."

"What is that too me?" said the King.

"My son and I are waiting to hear the angels sing—we have never seen an angel or heard one. But we can see camels any day. Begone to your deserts, you ugly brutes."

But the young prince slipped out into the dark and gave the camels food and drink. "Angels," he said, "can take care of themselves, but camels must be fed."

Then in the darkness appeared other animals, moving forms.

"Who are you," said the King, "that you come to spoil my royal meditation?"

"We are the oxen who stood by the manger in which the Christ Child was laid." And other voices added, "we are the sheep that were in the fields of Bethlehem."

"Camels and oxen and sheep," said the King. "Why should I be troubled with these earthly things on the one night when I want to feel religious?"

Then there came from the shadow of the trees in the Kings park three poor men in rough clothing, leaning heavily on their staves.

"Who are you?" asked the King.

"We are poor shepherds of Bethlehem who watched over our sheep on the night when we heard a multitude of the heavenly host singing, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

"You heard it? A multitude of the heavenly host singing to such as you? You come to mock me." And he drove them away.

His young son said not a word, but stole softly after them. For he wanted to talk with them and hear their tale.

Still the angels delayed.

At last a young boy came unannounced.

"Who are you?" growled the King. "I am the Christ Child."

"I did not recognize you," said the King. "I thought you would be different, you look so much like the other children I have known."

"Did you know them?" said the Christ Child. "If you had really known them, you would have known Me."

Letters

Editors:

Having been an interested reader of your publication for several years I thought you might be interested in some of my views and experiences. First, I will state unequivocally that I agree with your expressed opinion that an ex-prisoner cannot go straight unless somebody gives him a job. Unfortunately, in some cases, this isn't enough.

In the past year I employed two men immediately after they were released from Kingston. One of those men is still with me, and I might add, he is a highly valued employee. The other one quit his job after his first payday. A few days later I found that he had borrowed sums of money on various pretexts from the men he was working with. The money was not repaid. I have no idea where he is now but somehow or other I feel that he is either back in prison or working hard toward that end.

The conclusions I have drawn from my experiences is that a man must be judged on his merits and not on his past.

I will probably employ other ex-prisoners but I will watch them closely until they prove themselves.

Sincerely,
Wm. Buchanan
Toronto.

Dear Editor:

It's been some time since I sent any of my mss. to you and was happy to note that you used my photo on the

last page of the August issue to advertise *Telescope*. Hope it brings in more \$\$\$. The dog's name is Prince Ranvox from Alaska.

I wonder if you would send me twelve more copies of that issue. I am enclosing \$2 to cover my request, and thank you keenly for everything. Send them and I'll place them in strategic places of my literary career in radio and TV.

I have a new mss. ready for your magazine if you want it. It's called: Possibilities of Penal Press. I'm told it's a great article. I'll give it to you if you can use it. Please let me know. How is our old friend Mr. Reason? I haven't heard from him for a year.

Do you still have the Poloroid Camera I gave you two years ago? And the tapes of music I sent you three years ago?

It would be so nice to hear from you all as of old. I have sadly missed contact with my favorite Penal Press. Both the magazine and the staff. Please contact me at your first opportunity. I'd be delighted to hear from you all. Your work is great. I'm pleased keenly. Please give my kindest regards to your fine boss and everyone else. Has Wally Johnson been released yet. I admired his writing.

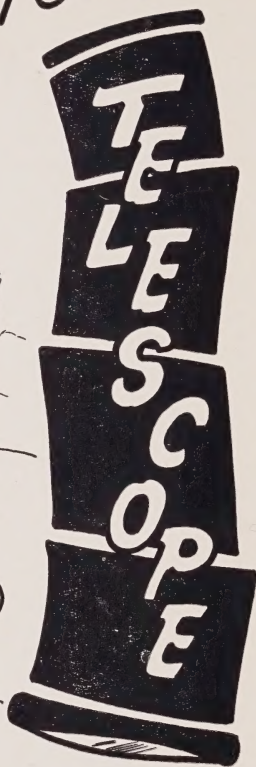
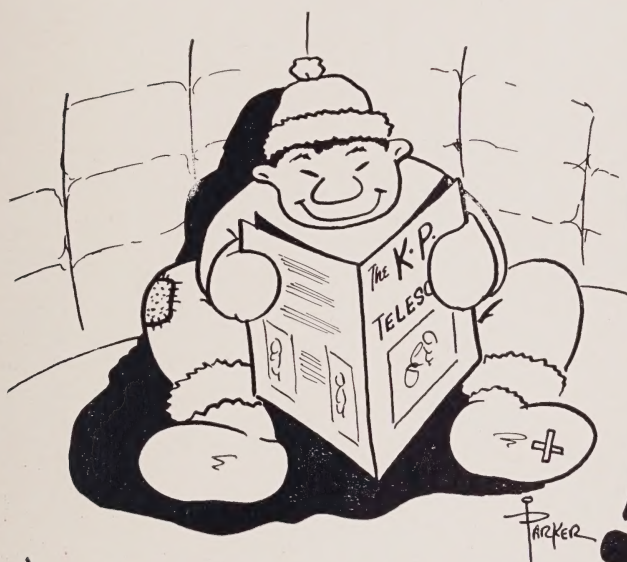
Keep courage and God be with us all in these trying times. I'll send the new article if you want it. Any other help you need, please let me know. I am as ever loyal and so fond of our Canadian friends.

Sincerely,
Florence La Fontaine Randall Ph.D.
Dillsboro,
Indiana.

Miss Randall has been a friend and guest writer for a number of years. It will give us great pleasure to have her appear on our pages once more.

Eds.

ALMOST EVERYONE READS THE 'K.P.'



"MUKLUK MCTAVISH IS A THRIFTY
YOUNG LAD,

HE TRAPS ALL THE FURS THAT THERE SEEMS TO BE HAD:
... WITH THE MONEY HE GETS, HE'S FILLED FULL OF HOPE,
... OF GETTING EACH ISSUE OF OL' TELESCOPE!"

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